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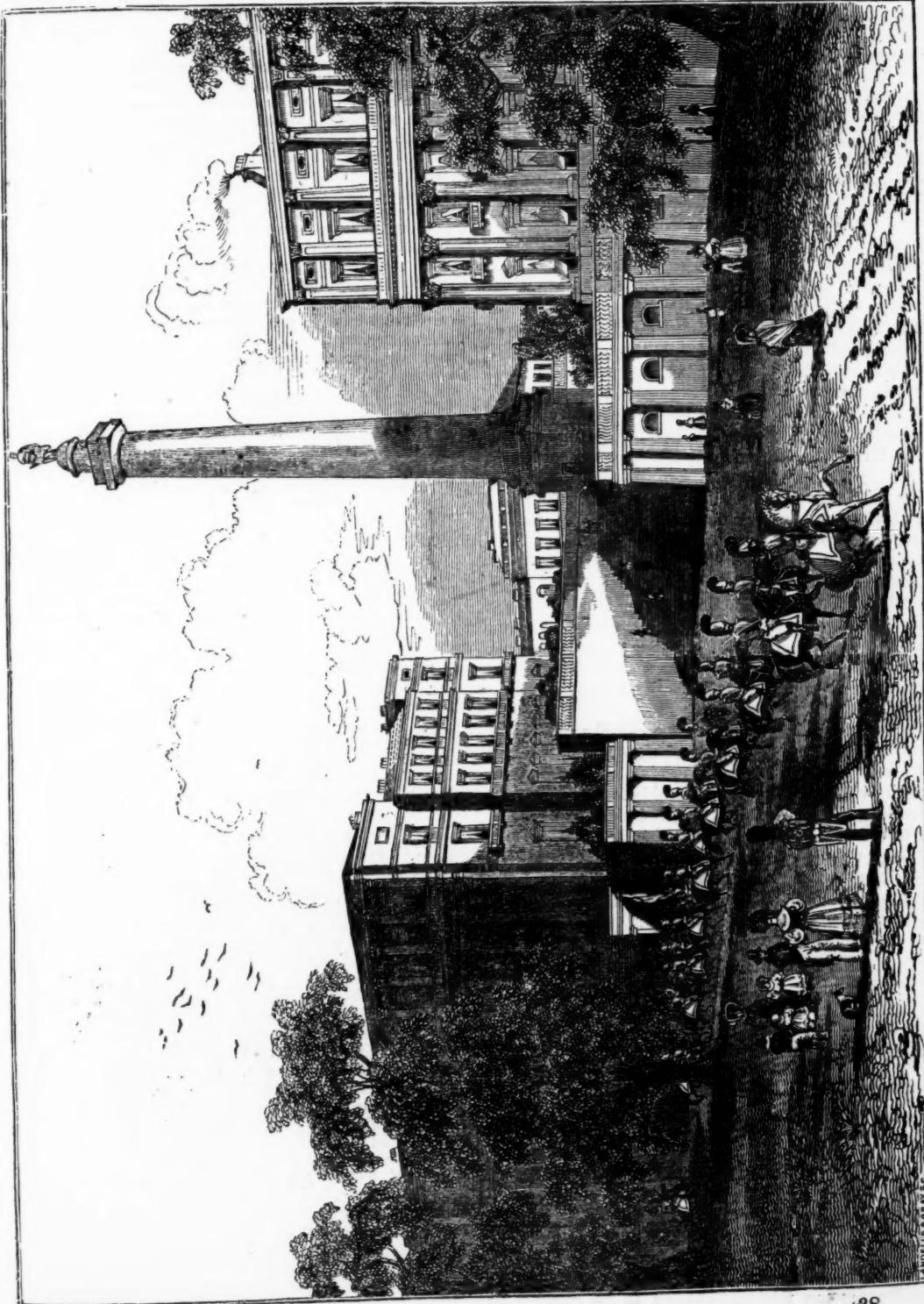
FEBRUARY



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PRICE
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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



VIEW OF THE YORK COLUMN, AS SEEN FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON.

THE YORK COLUMN, CARLTON TERRACE.

THIS beautiful Column, which, when surmounted with the statue intended to be placed upon its summit, will form a most striking ornament to the neighbourhood in which it stands, was built by public subscription, as a monument to the memory of his late Royal Highness, the Duke of York. The design and general direction were committed to Mr Benjamin Wyatt, the architect.

The excavation for the artificial foundation*, upon which the structure is built, was commenced in the month of May 1830; and the column is now completed, with the exception of the figure which is to be placed on the top, and the decorative eagles and festoons which are to surround the base.

The column is in form about two thirds of a pyramid; the base of this pyramidal portion being a square of fifty-six feet, and its top a square of thirty feet. The lower pedestal is built of the famous grey Aberdeenshire granite; and the shaft of the column, and the upper pedestal, upon which the figure will be placed, are of red Peterhead granite.

There is an ascent through the interior of the column, to a gallery which runs round the top of it, on the outside; from which there will be a beautiful and extensive view of the surrounding country. This ascent is by a winding flight of one hundred and sixty-nine steps: each course of stone in the shaft of the column having five steps placed alternately at right angles to those of the preceding course. It is necessary to know, that the five steps, together with the *newel*, or central pillar, or *cove*, in addition to the stone which forms the outer casing, *are cut out of the solid block*.

The height of this magnificent column is the same at that of the celebrated Trajan's column at Rome, namely one hundred and twenty-four feet; and the height of the figure by which it is to be surmounted is fourteen feet, making the whole height, from the ground line at the top of the steps leading out of St James Park, to the top of the figure, one hundred and thirty-eight feet: but if viewed from the bottom of the steps, at the level of the Park, as in the accompanying view, the altitude is one hundred and fifty-six feet.

The masonry, which has received the praise of competent judges, is by Mr. Nowell, of Pimlico.

The statue of the Duke of York, which is of bronze, is nearly eight tons in weight, and is the work of Mr. Westmacott. It is said to be an excellent likeness, and to contain great expression in the countenance. Although very far advanced towards completion, it yet requires much personal care and attention on the part of the artist, and will not be ready to be fixed upon its pedestal in less than eight or nine months from this time.

* The foundation is laid in a composition, forming a hard mass, called concrete.

HINDOO SUPERSTITIONS.

GUNGOUTRI is the source of the river Ganges, accounted sacred by the Hindoos, or rather the place nearest to its source, which is in the midst of impassable mountains covered with snow. The Hindoos, who worship this river, consider Gungoutri a very sacred place, and a pilgrimage to it highly meritorious. And indeed, if difficulty alone could render an action virtuous, the journey would be so in a high degree; for the difficulty, and even dangers of the passage through a mountainous country, destitute of all regular roads, and where the rude bridges set up by the natives are frequently washed away by sudden torrents, leaving frightful chasms to be crossed as

the traveller best may, are more than we can easily imagine. Captain Skinner, an English officer, has taken this journey, and the following passages give an account of some of the horrors of the Hindoo shrine.

"A river as wide as the Thames at Windsor, flowing over an uninterrupted bed, higher than the crater of Mount Etna (for Gungoutri is nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea), would be an interesting object, if it had no other claim upon the mind: but the traveller must feel almost disposed to overlook that, in the extraordinary scenes of superstition that he is destined to witness acted on it.

"Here every extravagance that the weakness of the human race can be guilty of, seems to be concentrated: some, who have been wandering for months to fill their phials at the stream, overcome by the presence of the object of their worship, lie prostrate on the banks; others up to their waists in the water, performing, with the most unfeigned abstraction, all the manœuvres of a Hindoo war ship. Under the auspices of Brahmins, groups were sitting on the bank, kneading up balls of sand, with holy grass twisted round their fingers, intended as offerings to the Ganges for the propitiation of their fathers' souls, which when ready they drop into the stream with the most profound and religious gravity.

"Such faith is placed in its power of performing miracles, that many haunt it for the most ridiculous purposes, convinced that what they ask will be accorded. At this moment a fanatic is up to his middle in the river, praying it to bestow on him the gift of prophecy: he has travelled from a village above Sirinagur, never doubting that the Ganges will reward him for his journey. He will return, he says, a prophet to his native hill, where all will flock to him to have their fortunes told, and he will soon grow rich.

"As I approached the holy shrine, a troop of pallid spectres glided through the woods before me, and vanished like the images in Banquo's glass. I thought I had reached supernatural regions indeed, till a few more yards brought me to a train of naked faquires, whitened all over with ashes: a rope was coiled round their waists, and their hair hung down to their shoulders twisted like serpents; their hands close to their sides, they glided along with measured steps, repeating constantly in a hollow tone, 'Ram! Ram! Ram!' a Hindoo word for the Deity. If it required any thing to add to the wildness of the scene, these unearthly beings were admirably adapted for it. A person little disposed to believe in ghost stories, would start at beholding one of these inhuman figures rise suddenly before him; and, if one were seen perched upon the brow of a precipice in the glimmering of the moon, with an arm raised above the head incapable of motion, and the nails hanging in long strings from the back of the clenched hand, would doubt if indeed it could be an earthly vision. If the sight of such an apparition could give rise to fear, the deep sepulchral voice with which the words 'Ram! Ram!' fell upon the stillness of the night, and resounded from the rocks around, would complete the scene of terror.

"At Gungoutri there are many sheds erected for the shelter of pilgrims; and as the evening was far advanced and a storm was brewing, I went into one of them. It was a long narrow building, and the further end was so wrapped in darkness, that I had been some moments in it before I perceived any thing. I was attracted by a low sullen murmur, and went to the spot whence it proceeded. A miserable wretch had just blown a few sticks into a flame; and, as the light burst upon his countenance, I unconsciously receded, and had to summon all my fortitude to return to him again. His eyes started from his head, and his bones were visible through his skin: his teeth chattered, and his whole frame shook with cold: and I never saw hair longer or more twisted than his was. I spoke to him, but in vain, he did not even deign to look at me, and made no motion, but to blow the embers into a fresh blaze; the fitful glare of which, falling on his skeleton form, made me almost think I had descended into the tomb. I found he had come for the purpose of ending his life, by starvation, at Gungoutri. Many faquires have attempted this death, and have lingered for several days on the banks of the river without food. The Brahmin, however, assures me that no one can die in so holy a place; and, to preserve its character, the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages take care they shall not; and bear them by force away and feed them, or at any rate give them the liberty to die elsewhere."

"A small temple marks the sacred source of the river*; and, immediately opposite, is the orthodox spot for bathing in, and filling the phials, which, when ready, receive the stamp of authenticity from the seal of the Brahmin, who wears it as a ring upon his finger: it bears the following inscription engraved upon it.—'The water of the Bhagirathi, Gungoutri.' Without such mark, the water would not be deemed holy by the purchasers in the plains.

"I was not able to witness the mystery of their worship, for they protested against my passing beyond the porch of the temple. The sanctum seemed close and unpromising, and I had no desire to pollute it by my touch.

"The comfort my followers obtained, with the advantage they hoped to reap, by their prayers and ablutions at Gungoutri, put them in such good spirits, that they would have followed me to the shores of Kedar Nath. The mention of that place of suffering, is enough to make the coldest Christian shudder. A melancholy delusion leads the naked, and frequently innocent Hindoo, to brave the severest torture that the frame of man can possibly be subjected to, with a fortitude that would place him in a rank with the most illustrious of martyrs, were it exercised in a good cause. They wander for miles, with almost a light spirit,—overcoming hardships at every step, that might entitle them to be canonized,—to crown their labours, and to close their days in hunger and in cold, that early mortifies their limbs! Crowds have passed from Gungoutri to that mountain (the journey is about four days), and have never more been heard of. Some have been known to repent when yet near enough to return, and to have perished from their tortures beneath a jutting rock, their extremities withered, and their pains increased by the contempt and execration of all who pass them, and the yet keener stings of their consciences, which upbraid them with want of faith, and prospect of damnation! They have an idea that none can find the path to return by, unless rejected by heaven. "A very great crime," said my Brahmin guide, "will induce them to encounter this death."—"What crime do you consider sufficient to need such an atonement?" I asked. "Killing a Brahmin or a cow," was his immediate answer. —A strange association; but they are both held in equal veneration; and not unfrequently the cow is most deserving of it of the two. She does not, at any rate, seek to have such a doctrine believed.

"It does not follow that a full pardon is accorded to the self-devoted victim. They imagine that the elect are permitted to reach a high peak called Brigoo, from which they throw themselves down to a bottomless abyss, across which a sharp stone, projecting from the mountains, passes: should they fall astride upon it, and be equally divided, they are forgiven: other modes of being cut imply a slight punishment. As the frost soon seizes on them, none who have reached any distance in the snow ever return: thence the belief that there is no road back for the accepted. Those who tremble on the verge, perish, as I have said, should they escape being stoned to death by the nearest villagers, who believe such sinful beings would bring curses on them.

* * * * *

"In our progress towards Benares, we kept close to the east bank of the river; and, when distant from it two or three hours, had an amusing variety of travellers towards the sacred city, to enliven the route. The road on the shore appeared so crowded, that I imagined some fair was to be held; but I learned that this was not the case, and the concourse was by no means unusual. There were even whole families: there was a father carrying two baskets, balanced across his shoulder on a pole; his cooking-pots and meal in one, while, in the other, 'nestled curious there an infant lay.' The little thing sat as comfortably as possible, covered up to its chin in clothes, and turning its black head about in the most independent manner. If I had not seen this sort of travelling-cradle before, I should have taken its inmate for one of a litter of puppies, with its muzzle poked out of its bed. The mother followed, with a bundle upon her head, and a child upon her hip; while two or three other little things trotted away by her side.

"Among other adventurers to the city, was a snake-charmer, who took advantage of a pause in my passage, to sit down on the bank and pipe to his pupils, who reared their crests, and appeared to take real delight in the music. He had two, which he took from a bag, and handled with the most perfect indifference. They seemed to be equally

* Ganges.

careless about his touch, and occasionally wound round his arms and his neck with great familiarity.

"The approach to a fair or a horse-race, in our own country, cannot afford greater variety or interest than an every-day assemblage in the neighbourhood of Benares, if these be the common objects, as I am assured they are. I saw also several of the pilgrims, with whose errand I became so well acquainted at Gungoutri, carrying vessels of that water into the city; they were slung over their shoulders in little baskets; among the crowd was one man with his arm fixed above his head, and his fist clenched, the nails of his fingers grown through, and hanging in strips down the back of his hand.

"So large a town (for Benares contains nearly 600,000 people) must form a grand object from the river; and where all, or the greater part of the inhabitants, are engaged in the cleanly rite of bathing in the sacred stream, the spectacle is beyond belief beautiful. Soon after daylight, the daily ceremony begins; and, until the sun grows warm, the crowds at the river, with the parties drawing towards it or returning from it, fill the whole place with animation.

"While I was floating before the Ghauts (steps leading down to the river), in admiration of the scene, it seemed to me like some fairy dream, so unlike was it to any thing I had ever witnessed. The devout, the indifferent, and the profane, are so mingled together, engaged in their different occupations of praying, washing, and playing, that it is hard to say which predominates.

"I could observe Brahmins performing their prayers, and others making offerings; while their neighbours were washing their clothes, and splashing away at a rate quite enough to shake the gravity of any but a Brahmin.

"It was amusing to see a fat old priest waddle from the stream like a turtle, and take up his position on the steps of the Ghaut; while, not far from him, the light forms of the women rose from the water, and stood with their thin drapery floating round them, to comb their long locks,—like mermaids, in all but their want of mirrors. When their hair is nearly dry, they hold their clean robes like a screen round their figures, and, shaking off the wet ones, draw the others close, and are dressed in a moment.

"The figures approaching the Ghaut, some of them in blue and rose-coloured scarfs, as well as white, with their pitchers on their heads, and their children by their sides, give a still more picturesque effect to the scene. The number of boats that are passing up and down the river, the splashing of the oars, and the song of the rowers, with the screams of the children, who, without their consent to the ceremony, are getting well ducked, complete the picture. The sun was not so high, but that the domes and minarets of the holy city were reflected in the stream below, and it appeared that the town, as well as all its sons and daughters, had fled to the bosom of the sacred river."—SKINNER'S *Excursions in India*.

SILENT HE SLEEPS.

SILENT he sleeps! that eye,
So lately bright with hope, is closed for ever;
Struck by the blighting plague he sank,—but never
Was one more fit to die.

Oh, what a sudden blow!
But yesterday he lived in health and beauty,
And now they've hurried through their dreadful duty,
And left me to my woe.

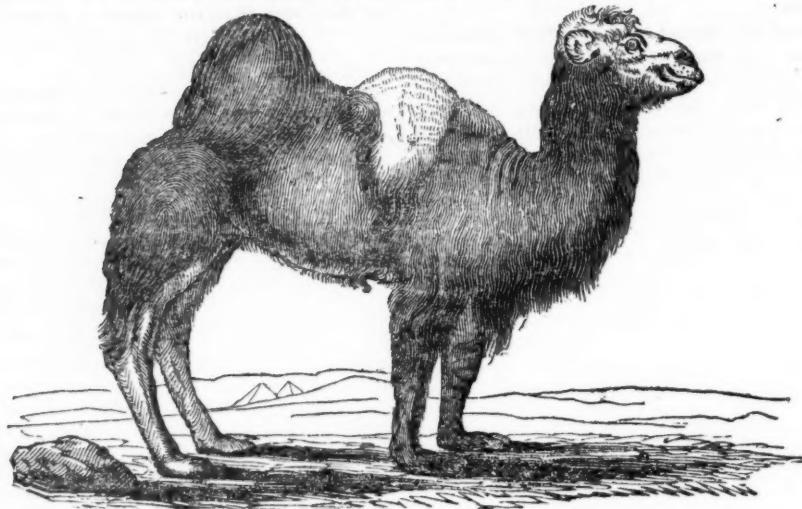
Where are my friends all flown,
Those friends who shared in all my hours of gladness?
Comes there not one to dry the tears of sadness?
Not one:—I am alone.

Father! to thee I turn;
And though in sorrow, by the cold world slighted,
And every dream of happiness now blighted,
Not in despair I mourn!

For there are realms above,
Far brighter realms, where grief shall have no dwelling;
There will thy chosen rest, their voices swelling
To praise thy endless love!

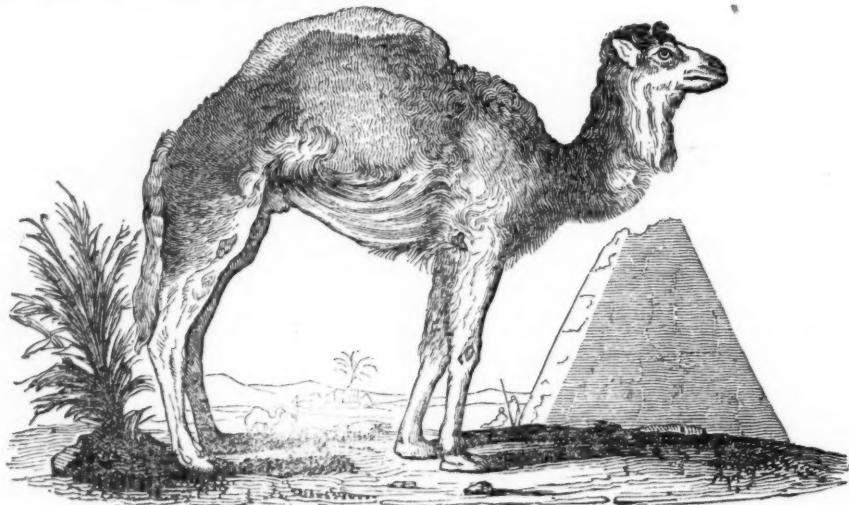
As is a moment, compared to the life of man, so is the life of man, compared with the continuance of the world; and the world's continuance is but a moment, in respect of eternity.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE CAMEL AND THE DROMEDARY.

*The Camel.*

THE Camel and the Dromedary are different species of the same genus; the one, the Camel, being furnished with two hunches, and the other possessing but one. The species with two hunches is called the Bactrian Camel, and is much larger, stouter, and shorter on its legs than the other. Its native country

appears to be the warmer portion of Asia, where it is used, principally, as a beast of burden, and it is said, that some of these animals are sufficiently powerful to carry as much as from ten to twelve hundred weight.

*The Dromedary.*

The Dromedary, as may be seen by the engraving, is more graceful in its form; its legs are longer, and it is much swifter in its movements than the Camel. It is spread also over a larger tract of country, being found throughout the whole of Arabia, and all the northern and central portions of Africa. It is more completely than any other creature a domesticated animal, and has never yet been found in a wild state. The name given to it by the wandering Arab is finely indicative of its qualities; it is called the "Ship of the Desert."

To have some idea of the value of the Camel to the inhabitants of those countries in which it is found, we have but to consider the useful and necessary purposes to which, in our more temperate climate, the horse is applied; the loss of that valuable creature would be severely felt, but it would be trifling when compared to that of the natives of Africa or Arabia, if deprived of the services of the Camel.

The Arab of the Desert is indebted to it for food

and security; its milk is nourishing, and when fermented, a spirituous liquor is produced, which supplies the place of wine; its flesh is also considered excellent food, and its skin is turned to many useful purposes. The foot of the Camel is finely adapted for affording a firm support on the loose sands it has to traverse; being broad and flat, the toes undivided, and spreading considerably, when placed upon the ground. If it were not for the services of this useful creature, the immense deserts of the torrid zone would be utterly impassable, and all intercourse between many distant nations would be at once at an end. In addition to the other means it possesses of crossing these burning sands, where many days may pass without a supply of water, the most peculiar and wonderful construction of its stomach allows it to lay up a store of water in a number of cells in the interior of this organ, so formed as to allow the animal to empty them singly, when necessary for its support, and in this manner, from its own resources,

to moisten its parched mouth in the dreary journey across the desert.

The hunch of the Camel is a beautiful provision made by nature, for the support of the persevering animal when distressed for want of food; when this occurs, the fat of which the hunch is formed gradually disappears, and contributes to maintain the strength of its possessor till it is utterly exhausted. The young camel, while living upon the milk of its mother, and consequently not liable to be in want of nourishment, is without this hunch on the back, nature, although always bountiful never labouring to a useless end.

Mounted on his well-trained camel, the Arab defies the pursuit of the swiftest horse, and retires, unmolested, to his native wastes. To avoid danger from the bands of robbers with which the desert is infested, merchants and travellers collect together in large numbers; their goods and merchandise are fastened on the backs of camels, whose number sometimes amounts to several thousands; and in this manner they perform their journey. These assemblages of men and camels are called Caravans, and are furnished with guides, who, in general, are the parties from whom the Camels have been hired.

EPITAPHS.

In visiting a church, for purposes of curiosity only, the objects that usually engage attention, after examining the building itself, are the memorials of the dead. They attract us by the reputation of the person to whose memory the tomb is raised, by the beauty of the monument itself, or of the inscription it bears. In the grief that is expressed, we often partake, from having ourselves experienced a similar loss; and when our own age and circumstances correspond with those of the dead, a warning voice admonishes us of the little space that exists "between the cradle and the grave."

"When I look (says ADDISON,) upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side; or the holy men that divided the world by their contests and disputes; I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

An epitaph should tell its story in the most simple language, and in the fewest words; and the main reason why we find so small a number that are really excellent, is that these two plain rules are seldom observed. We are also apt to forget, that, though monuments are raised as tributes to departed worth, their chief utility lies in presenting and recording good examples for the living. The character of the deceased should be described in a few appropriate touches, and not be decked out with undistinguishable praises, which he, when living, would have blushed to hear, and which have no power to "soothe the dull cold ear of death."

It would indeed be well, that we remembered the remark addressed to one who showed little mercy to

the marble-cutter, and who was distinguished rather for the *length* than the *excellence* of his epitaphs:—

One half will never be believed,

The other never read.

Epitaphs should, especially, be marked with a deep *devotional* feeling. If sorrow be expressed, it should not be the sorrow that is without hope; and, again, the hope that is cherished should be the sure and certain hope, that "anchor of the soul" which they alone possess "who seek for immortality." Gray, in his beautiful Elegy in a Country Church-yard, sanctions the practice of resorting to Scripture for epitaphs,—

Many a *holy text* around she strews,
Which teach the rustic moralist to die

and where shall we find so rich a treasury?

It is one from which we can draw materials, suited to every age, condition, and circumstance of life. As one example, a mother inscribed on the grave of her child the following simple passage, from the narrative in St. Luke (vii. 12), *He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.* What words could have described her state of desolation so forcibly?

We purpose presenting to our readers, occasionally, some of the best Epitaphs in our language, and commence with the following lines, which come plainly from the heart, and must reach the hearts of all who read them.

WHO'ER like me, with trembling anguish brings
His heart's whole treasure to these healing springs*;
Who'er like me, to soothe disease and pain,
These healing springs has visited in vain;
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch in dumb despair the shortening breath;
If chance direct him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know—his pangs were mine.
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty blest;
Framed every tie, that binds the soul to prove
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love;
But yet rememb'ring that the parting sigh,
Appoints the just to *slumber*, not to *die*;
The starting tear I check'd; I kiss'd the rod,
And not to earth resign'd her, but to God.

The following is an Epitaph, upon persons in a very humble station of life; but who is there that may not profit by such examples?

On the Grave of Dr. Franklin's Parents, at Boston, in New England, written by Himself.

JOSIAH FRANKLIN and ABIAH, his Wife,
lie here interred.

They lived lovingly together in wedlock 55 years;
And, without an Estate or any gainful Employment,
By constant Labour and honest Industry
(with God's blessing.)

Maintained a large Family comfortably, and brought up
13 Children and 7 Grandchildren reputably.

From this instance, Reader,
be encouraged to diligence in thy calling,

And distrust not PROVIDENCE.

He was a pious and prudent man,
She a discreet and virtuous woman;
Their Youngest Son,
In filial regard to their Memory,
Places this Stone.

H. M

* Bristol Hot Wells.

THE gates of death stand open by night as well as by day.

THE best way to make men good subjects to the king, is to make them good servants of God.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

WE see how much a man *has*, and therefore we envy him; did we see how little he *enjoys*, we should rather pity him.

—SEED.

NATURAL AFFECTION OF ANIMALS.

I HAVE always great pleasure in seeing the affection which animals have for their offspring, and which sometimes shows itself in an extraordinary and incongruous manner. A hen who has hatched young ducks, will follow them in her agony into the water, and will sacrifice her life to preserve the lives of her chickens. A fox, or rather a vixen, has been known to carry one of her cubs in her mouth, when she has been pursued by hounds; and whoever has seen a dog break into a covey of young partridges, will have had one of the strongest proofs I know, of the force of natural affection.

An instance of parental affection in a bird was recently related to me, which gave me much pleasure. A gentleman, in my neighbourhood, had directed one of his waggon to be packed up with sundry hampers and boxes, intending to send it to Worthing, where he was going himself. For some reason his going was delayed, and he therefore directed that the waggon should be placed under a shed in his yard, packed as it was, till it should be convenient for him to send it off. While it was in the shed, a pair of robins built their nest among some straw in the waggon, and had hatched their young, just before it was sent away. One of the old birds, instead of being frightened away by the motion of the waggon, only left its nest from time to time, for the purpose of flying to the nearest hedge for food for its young, and thus alternately affording warmth and nourishment to the nest till it arrived at Worthing. The affection of this bird being observed by the waggoner, he took care in unloading not to disturb the robins nest; and my readers will, I am sure, be glad to hear that the robin and its young ones returned safe to Walton Heath, being the place whence they had set out. Whether it was the male or female robin which kept with the waggon I have not been able to ascertain, but most probably the latter, as what will not a mother's affection induce her to perform. The distance the waggon went in going and returning, could not have been less than one hundred miles.—*JESSE'S Gleanings.*

RUNNING WATER.—It has been proved by experiment, that the rapidity at the bottom of a stream is every where less than in any part above it, and is greatest at the surface. Also that in the middle of the stream the particles at the top move swifter than those at the sides. This slowness of the lowest and side currents is produced by friction, and when the rapidity is sufficiently great, the soil composing the sides and bottom gives way. If the water flows at the rate of three inches per second, it will tear up fine clay; six inches per second, fine sand; twelve inches per second, fine gravel; and three feet per second, stones of the size of an egg.—*LYELL'S Geology.*

THE merchants of Antwerp were at one time the most wealthy body of men in Europe. As an illustration of this, a story is told of one John Daens, who lent to Charles the Fifth a million of gold, to enable him to carry on his wars in Hungary, for which he obtained the royal bond. The Emperor, on his return, dined with the merchant, who, after a most sumptuous entertainment, produced the bond, not, however, for payment, but to burn it, which he is said to have done in a fire made of chips of cinnamon.—*Tour through Holland.*

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES FOR OBSERVANCE IN ORDINARY LIFE.

- 1 Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
- 2 Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
- 3 Never spend your money before you have it.
- 4 Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
- 5 Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
- 6 We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
- 7 Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
- 8 How much pain the evils have cost us which have never happened.
- 9 Take things always by the smooth handle.
- 10 When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

WHEN worthy men fall out, only one of them may be faulty at the first; but if strife continue long, commonly both become guilty.—*FULLER.*

ORIGIN OF THE MATERIALS OF WRITING.

THE most ancient mode of writing was on cylinders, on bricks, and on tables of stone; afterwards on plates of various materials, on ivory, and similar articles. In the book of Job, mention is made of the custom of writing on stone and on sheets of lead. It was on tables of stone that Moses received the law written by the finger of God himself. The Gauls, at the time of Caesar, wrote on tables; but of what they were composed is not known. These early inventions led to the discovery of tables of wood; and, as cedar is least corruptible, they chose this wood for the most important writings. From this custom arises the celebrated expression of the ancients, when they meant to convey the highest praise of any excellent composition, that it was worthy to be written on cedar; though some maintain that this phrase refers to the oil of cedar, with which valuable parchment manuscripts were anointed, to preserve them. Isidore of Seville says, that the Greeks and Tuscans were the first who used wax to write on. They formed the letters with an iron bodkin. But the Romans substituted the stylus, made of bone. They also employed reeds cut in the form of pens.

Naudé observes, that when he was in Italy (about 1642), he saw some of those waxen tablets called Pugillares, and others composed of the bark of trees, which the ancients used in lieu of paper; which he observes was not then in use; for paper is composed of linen, and linen was not then known. Hemp, he adds, was known, but not used. Rabelais, who wrote about 1540, mentions it as a *new* herb, which had only been in use about a century; and, in fact, in the reign of Charles the Seventh (1470) linen made of hemp was so scarce, that it is said none but the queen was in possession of two shifts.

In the progress of time, the art of writing consisted in *painting* with different kinds of ink. They now chose the thin peels of certain trees and plants, and even the skins of animals. The first place, it is said, where they began to prepare these skins, was Pergamos in Asia. This is the origin of the Latin name, from which we have derived that of *parchment*. These skins are, however, better known amongst Latin writers, under the name of *membrana*, so called from the membranes of animals of which they were composed. The ancients had parchment of three different colours, white, yellow, and purple. At Rome, white parchment was disliked, because it was more subject to be soiled than the others, and dazzled the eye. They frequently wrote in letters of gold and silver on purple parchment. This custom continued in the early ages of the church; and there are yet extant written copies of the evangelists of this kind.

The Egyptians employed the bark of a plant or reed called *papyrus*. Specimens may be seen at the British Museum. Formerly there grew great quantities of it on the side of the Nile. It is this plant which has given the name to our *paper*, although it is made of linen rags. The Chinese make their paper of silk.

The use of paper is of great antiquity. Some of the specimens of papyrus which have been found in the mummy pits of Egypt are said to be as old as the time of Moses. The honour of inventing it is given to the town of Memphis. Before the use of parchment and paper passed to the Romans, they used the thin peel found on trees, between the wood and the bark. This second skin they called *liber*—whence their word *liber*, a book; and from them, our word library, and

the French *livre*. Anciently, instead of folding this parchment and paper, they rolled it, and the latin name which they gave these rolls is passed into our language—we say a *volume*, although our books are composed of pages cut and bound together. The ancients were still more curious than ourselves, in having their books richly got up. Beside the tint of purple, with which they tinted their vellum, and the liquid gold which they employed for their ink, they sometimes enriched the covers of their books with precious stones.

The following information, taken from Casley's catalogue of the manuscripts in the king's library, is curious.

"Varro says, that palm-leaves, or mallow-leaves, were all first used for writing on; whence the word began and continued to signify the leaf of a book, as well as of a tree or plant. That the ancients wrote or engraved on brass, is manifest. The laws of the twelve tables, and other monuments kept in the Capitol, were engraven on that metal. The Romans and Lacedaemonians wrote to the Jews in tables of brass. There is a small fragment of writing on bark, near a thousand years old, in the Cottonian library. The art of making paper of cotton was discovered in the eleventh century; the invention of making it of linen rags could not be much later." This last observation differs from Naudé.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

The following occurs in Captain Skinner's *Excursions in India*.

"I cannot, from my experience at Mookba, withdraw my condemnation of the mountain priests. They are as dirty and ignorant as their brothers whom I have already celebrated for eminence in those qualities; and their women 'Out Herod Herod.' There is one man, however, in the village, who can write and read: he was educated at Barahal, where there was once a school; but I fear the schoolmaster found himself too little appreciated to be tempted to continue his vocation. He is a shrewd knave, and has had the advantage of travelling a little. He has been in the valley of the Dhoon—a great event. He writes on the bark of a tree—the Boii Pulla, well known throughout India as the inner covering of Hookah-snakes: and it makes a capital substitute for paper. The trees are in great quantity thereabouts; and, as the bark is peeled off in large sheets, it requires no preparation, nor is it necessary to have a peculiar pen to write with, as is the case with leaves, that are still used for that purpose in the east."

"The natives of Ceylon as yet employ no paper; they write on thin leaves of the Ola, and are obliged to make use of an iron pen, which they support in a notch cut in the thumb nail allowed to grow for that purpose: a literary man is discovered by such a mark. A quill, or a reed, serves my friend of Mookba, for the pen runs as quickly over the skin of the boii as it would over the surface of a glazed sheet."

AN EARLY LESSON.

CHILDREN are very early capable of impression. I imprinted on my daughter the idea of Faith, at a very early age. She was playing, one day, with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. I said, "My dear, you have some pretty beads there."—"Yes, papa!"—"And you seem to be vastly pleased with them."—"Yes, papa!"—"Well, now throw 'em behind the fire."

She looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for so cruel a sacrifice. "Well, my dear, do as you please; but, you know, I never

told you to do any thing which I did not think would be good for you." She looked at me rather longer; and then, summoning up all her fortitude—her breast heaving with the effort,—she dashed them into the fire.

"Well," said I, "there let them lie: you shall hear more about them another time; but say no more about them now."

Some days after, I brought her a box full of larger beads, and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened it, and set it before her. She burst into tears of ecstasy. "Those, my child," said I, "are yours; because you believed me when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire. Now, that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what FAITH is. I did this to teach you the meaning of Faith. You threw your beads away when I bid you, because you had faith in me that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in GOD; believe every thing that he says in his Word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in him, that he means your good.—CECIL.

THE JEWS.—DAVISON, in his *Discourses on Prophecy*, uses the following beautiful illustration, when speaking of modern Jews. Present in all countries, with a home in none; intermixed, and yet separated; and neither amalgamated nor lost, but like those mountain-streams which are said to pass through lakes of another kind of water, and keep a native quality to repel commixture; they hold communication without union, and may be traced as rivers without banks, in the midst of the alien element which surrounds them.

THERE was a lady of a noble family, who saw of her own race, even to the sixth degree; whereof the Germans made this distich:—

Mater ait natæ, dic natæ, filiæ, natam
Ut moneat natæ, plangere filiolam.

Thus Englished by Hakwell:—

The aged mother to her daughter spake,
"Daughter," said she, "Arise;
"Thy daughter to her daughter take,
"Whose daughter's daughter cries."

THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE.

(*Siphonia Elastica*—Elastic Resin-Tree.)

A LARGE straight tree, growing to the height of fifty or sixty feet; at the upper part sending off numerous branches, covered with rough bark. This tree is a native of South America, growing abundantly in the woods of Guiana, in the province of Quito, and along the borders of the river Amazon, in Mexico.

This singular substance, known by the names of India-rubber, elastic gum, Cayenne resin, and by the French caoutchouc, and which is prepared from the juice of this tree, was little known in Europe till long after the commencement of the last century; and its origin and composition was first learned from M. de la Condamine, an active and enterprising member of the French Academy, who by travelling into the interior parts of South America, had an opportunity of acquiring the necessary information.

The manner of obtaining this juice, is by making cuts through the bark of the lower part of the trunk of the tree, from which the fluid resin issues in great abundance, appearing of a milky whiteness, as it flows into the vessel placed to receive it, but gradually, on exposure to the air, becoming a soft reddish elastic resin. To suit the different purposes for which

it is employed in South America, the caoutchouc is shaped into various forms; but it is commonly brought to Europe in that of pear-shaped bottles,



The India Rubber Tree.

which are said to be formed by spreading the juice of the Siphonia over a proper mould of clay, and as soon as one layer is dry, another is added, till the bottle be of the thickness desired. It is then exposed to a dense smoke until it becomes dry, when by means of certain instruments of iron or wood, it is ornamented on the outside with various figures. The mould is then taken out, being first softened with water. The Chinese elastic resin is said to be prepared of castor oil and lime; or according to Retzius, it is nothing but a certain expressed oil, evaporated by heat: hence its easy solubility.

The Indians make boats of the caoutchouc: also a kind of cloth, which they use for the same purposes as we use oil-cloth. Flambeaux are likewise made of this resin, which yield a beautiful light without any disagreeable smell.—*WOODVILLE'S Med. Bot.*

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

In doubt, in weariness, in woe,
The hosts of Israel flee;
Behind them rode the raging foe,
Before them was the sea.

The angry waters at their feet,
All dark and dread roll'd on;
And where the sky and desert meet,
Spears flash'd against the sun.

But still along the eastern sky
The fiery pillar shone;
And o'er the waves that roll'd so high,
It bade them still come on.

Then Moses turn'd the sea toward,
And raised his hand on high;
The angry waters know their lord,
They know him, and they fly

Where never gleam'd the red sun-light,
Where foot of man ne'er trod;
Down, down they go, and left and right
The wall of waters stood.

Full soon along that vale of fear,
With cymbals, horns, and drums,
With many a steed and many a spear,
The maddening monarch comes.

A moment—far as eye could sweep,
The thronging myriads tread;
The next—the waste and silent deep,
Was rolling o'er their head!

J. J. R.

ANNIVERSARIES IN FEBRUARY.

MONDAY, 4th.
215 Death of Septimius Severus, the Roman emperor, at York, during his expedition into Britain.
1194 Richard I., King of England, released from his confinement in the Castle of Olmutz, in Moravia, where he had been imprisoned by the emperor, on his return through Germany, from his Crusade against the Saracens in the Holy Land. His ransom amounted to 160,000 *marks*; each mark being worth 13*s.* 4*d.* sterling.
1555 Rogers, a divine, burnt at the stake in Smithfield, London. He was the first Protestant martyr during the reign of Queen Mary.
1615 Death of Jean Baptiste Porta, a Neapolitan gentleman of great learning. He was the inventor of the *Camera Obscura*, and was the first person who conceived the project of an *Encyclopædia*.
1746 Death of the Rev. Robert Blair, author of the celebrated poem of *The Grave*.

TUESDAY, 5th.

Agatha.
5 The Emperor Augustus had conferred on him, by the Roman senate and people, the flattering title of "PATER PATRIÆ," or Father of his Country; which appellation he is said to have received with tears.

1783 The town of SCYLLA, in the south-west corner of Calabria, destroyed by an *earthquake*; during which, 3000 persons, who had repaired, at night, to the beach, to save themselves from the ruins of the falling houses, were in a moment swept into eternity, by a sudden inundation of the sea. Shocks continued to be felt during February and March; in which time twenty-nine cities, towns, and villages, were overwhelmed, in the south of Italy; as well as Messina in Sicily, which was almost destroyed. Upwards of 50,000 human beings perished during these dreadful convulsions.

1799 Luigi Galvani, the discoverer of *Galvanism*, died at Bologna, in Italy.

WEDNESDAY, 6th.

1685 King Charles II. died at Whitehall, and was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of York, under the title of James II.

THURSDAY, 7th.

1689 The Peers and Commons of England assembled at Whitehall, under the name of *The Convention* (there being then no Parliament in existence), and declared the throne vacant by the abdication of King James II.

1788 Governor Philip assumed the powers of captain-general and governor of New South Wales, on the continent of New Holland. The royal commission for executing this important trust was published at Sidney Cove, nine miles from Botany Bay.

FRIDAY, 8th.

1587 Mary, Queen of Scots, in the 45th year of her age, beheaded (by order of Elizabeth, Queen of England, her cousin), at Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, after an unjust and cruel imprisonment of nineteen years. She was buried in Peterborough Cathedral; but, on the accession of her son, James VI. of Scotland, to the English throne, her remains were removed to Westminster Abbey.

1671 Died, Richard Pendrell, the preserver and faithful guide of Charles II., after his escape from the Battle of Worcester. He was buried in St. Giles's Church-yard, London.

SATURDAY, 9th.

1555 Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, burnt before the door of his own cathedral, during the persecution of the sanguinary Queen Mary. He suffered with the greatest firmness, in confirmation of his attachment to the Protestant cause. On the same day, Dr. Rowland Taylor was burnt at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, testifying the sincerity of his faith by his undaunted behaviour at the stake.

1811 Death of Dr. Maskelyne, (who had been astronomer-royal during the long period of forty-six years,) at Flamstead House, Greenwich Park, near London.

SUNDAY, 10th.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.—This is the second Sunday before LENT; or the next to Shrove Tuesday. It is so called because it is the sixtieth day before EASTER.

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